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The Wisdom of the East Series

EDITED BY

L. CRANMER-BYNG

Dr. S. A. KAPADIA

SADI'S SCROLL OF WISDOM

WISDOM OF THE EAST

SADI'S

SCROLL OF WISDOM

PERSIAN AND ENGLISH TEXT

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

SIR ARTHUR N. WOLLASTON, K.C.I.E.

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EDITORIAL NOTE

THE object of the editors of this series is a very definite one. They desire above all things that, in their humble way, these books shall be the ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West, the old world of Thought, and the new of Action. In this endeavour, and in their own sphere, they are but followers of the highest example in the land. They are confident that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nations of another creed and colour. Finally, in thanking press and public for the very cordial reception given to the "Wisdom of the East" series, they wish to state that no pains have been spared to secure the best specialists for the treatment of the various subjects at hand.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.
S. A. KAPADIA.

NORTHBROOK SOCIETY,
185 PICCADILLY, W.

INTRODUCTION

SHAIKH MUSLIH-UD-DIN SADI, the celebrated Persian poet, was born at Shiraz between the years 1175 and 1193 of the Christian era. His father, whose name was Abdullah, is generally supposed to have held some minor post about the Court of the Atabak ruler of Fars, by name Sa'd bin Zangi (A.D. 1195—1226), from whom was derived the poetical *nom de plume* of Sadi.

He commenced his studies in his native city, whence after a while he removed to the Muhammadan College of Baghdad, where it chanced that a rich native gentleman, being informed of the young student's

want of means, befriended the lad, who was fortunate enough to obtain assistance, also, from a Professor in the College. In due course Sadi gained a fellowship. He thereupon abandoned himself to a contemplative life and the study of divinity, while his pious and devotional aspirations found vent in a pilgrimage to Mecca—an act of holy zeal which he repeated no less than fourteen times, chiefly on foot. Of a religious disposition, Sadi in due course obtained a reputation for holiness, which culminated in the title of "Shaikh" (a man of dignity and position), by which he became generally known. For many years his life was devoted largely to travel; this, indeed, may be gathered from his own words: "I have wandered to various regions of the world, and everywhere have I mixed freely with the inhabitants. I have gathered something in each corner.

I have gleaned an ear from every harvest."[1]

On another occasion we learn from his own narrative that he was so enraged at the pagan rites practised at the renowned temple of Somnath, in Gujarat, that he incontinently threw the priest headlong into a well.

An anecdote related by himself reveals the next important event in his career. "Weary of the society of my friends at Damascus, I fled to the barren wastes of Jerusalem and associated with brutes, until I was made captive by the Franks,[2] and forced to dig clay, along with Jews,

[1] Well indeed may he have penned these words, inasmuch as he traversed Asia Minor, Barbary, Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Armenia, Arabia, the various provinces of Iran, and portions of India. Even in these days of extended travel Sadi's wanderings would not be without repute.

[2] That is, the Crusaders.

in the fortifications of Tripoli. One of the nobles of Aleppo, my ancient friend, happened to pass that way, and recollected me. He said, 'What a state is this to be in! how farest thou?' I answered, 'Seeing that I could place confidence in God alone, I retired to the mountains and wilds, to avoid the society of man. But judge what must be my situation, now that I am confined in a stall in company with wretches who deserve not the name of men. To be chained by the feet with friends is better than to be free to walk in a garden with strangers.' He took compassion on my forlorn condition, ransomed me from the Franks for ten dinars, and took me with him to Aleppo. My friend had a daughter, to whom he married me, and presented me with one hundred dinars [1]

[1] In the coinage of the present day, 100 dinars are worth about one penny of English money.

as her dower. After some time my wife unveiled her disposition, which was ill-tempered, quarrelsome, obstinate, and abusive; so that the happiness of my life vanished. It has been well said, 'A bad woman in the house of a virtuous man is his hell—even in this world.' Take care how you connect yourself with a bad woman. Save us, O Lord, from this fiery trial!"

Sadi was an adept at repartee—two instances will suffice. Once his wife reproached him with the following taunt: "Art not thou the creature whom my father ransomed from captivity amongst the Franks for ten dinars?" "Yes," was the rejoinder; "he redeemed me for ten dinars, and enslaved me to you for a hundred."

On another occasion, when a poet at Tabriz, taking offence at the intrusion of

his rival Sadi, asked the latter, somewhat abruptly, "Whence come you?" "From the delightful soil of Shiraz," was the rejoinder. "Indeed," was the sarcastic retort of the questioner; "the Shirazis in Tabriz are more numerous than dogs." "The very reverse of our city," so spake the quick-witted poet of Shiraz, "where Tabrizis are of less account than dogs." The contest of satire was not, however, at an end, and after a pause the man of Tabriz renewed the attack by drawing attention to the baldness of his rival's head. Turning up a vessel that chanced to be in his hand, "How comes it," said he, "that the heads of the Shirazis are bald like the bottom of this bowl?" "By the same rule," was the prompt and bitter rejoinder, "that the heads of the Tabrizis are as empty as the hollow of the bowl."

Nothing daunted by the misfortunes attendant on his first marriage, Sadi during his travels in Arabia wedded a second spouse, with whom it may perhaps be surmised he lived on affectionate terms—judging, at least, from the anguish of soul with which he recorded the death of his youthful child, the offspring of this union.

It is, however, open to doubt whether Sadi experienced a very large measure of domestic happiness, inasmuch as in one of his poems he gives the advice, "Choose a fresh wife every spring—on New Year's Day; for the almanack of last year is good for nothing."

His liberality in entertaining guests was so great and lavish, that on one occasion a rival poet, whom he had regaled with most princely hospitality, despairing of returning in any adequate manner the profuse generosity of his former host,

set before the man of letters, now a guest, the plainest and simplest of dishes. The explanation of this proceeding was couched in somewhat remarkable language. "I should have found great difficulty in giving you even one day's dinner in the sumptuous style that reigned at your hospitable board during the three days which I had the happiness of passing with you. But in this, my economical mode of entertainment, I could indulge myself for years in the pleasure of your society, without feeling the expense."

In the latter part of his life Sadi retired to a cell near Shiraz, where he passed his time in pious devotions, and in receiving visits from the noblest of the land.

"It was the custom of his illustrious visitants," writes Sir Gore Ouseley, "to take with them meats and all kinds of viands, of which, when Sadi and his

company had partaken, the Shaikh always put what remained in a basket suspended from his window, that the poor wood-cutters of Shiraz, who daily passed his cell, might occasionally satisfy their hunger. It is said, and firmly believed in Persia, that one day a man dressed as a wood-cutter approached the basket, with the intent of plundering, but ere his hand reached its contents it dried up and withered. Concluding that it was a miracle worked by the Shaikh, the offender cried out to him for assistance. The holy man, in a reproving tone, said, 'If thou art a wood-cutter, where are thy blistered hands, thy wounds from thorns, and thy labour-worn frame? Or if a robber, where is thy climbing-rope, thy arms, and thy hardened boldness that should have restrained thee from thus moaning and crying?' He however took compassion on the hapless culprit, offered

up a prayer for the restoration of his arm, and even bestowed upon him, with a proper admonition, a portion of the viands which he had in vain attempted to carry off by stealth."

When the Atabaks were replaced by the Mughal dynasty of Persia (A.D. 1256), it chanced that the military commander of Shiraz compelled the greengrocers and market people of the city to purchase at the hands of their rulers, for a large amount, some dates which had but a nominal value. The matter was brought to the notice of Shaikh Sadi, who thereupon addressed a letter in verse to the Mughal governor, pointing out that the poet's brother was so poor that "he has no trousers on his legs, and yet he has been compelled to buy dates at an exorbitant price. A worse misfortune than this," it was added, "there is not." The appeal was successful, and

not only were dates given free of charge to the Shaikh's impoverished brother, but "a paltry sum" was placed at his disposal as a gift from the governor on "learning that the man was poor."

When the second of the Mughal monarchs of Persia ascended the throne (A.D. 1265) he chanced one day, in company with some of his ministers, to meet Sadi, and was astonished to find that the poet received at the hands of these ministers more consideration than was extended to himself, albeit a royal personage. Enquiring the cause of a circumstance so strange, his Majesty was asked in return whether he had not heard of the great Shaikh whose poetry was famous throughout the world. The result was that the Shaikh was summoned to the royal presence and requested to "give some counsel." "Thou canst bear nothing with thee from this world to the next,"

was the rejoinder, "save a recompense or a punishment, and the choice now rests with thee." The monarch felt the reproach, so the Shaikh on leaving whispered in the royal ear the following verses :

"A monarch is the shadow of God ;
The shadow should be a close companion of its substance.
The vulgar soul is incapable of good,
If the sword be not king.
All the right that appears in the world
Is evidence of the monarch's rectitude.
A kingdom derives no advantage from him
Whose every thought is an error."

During the same reign one of the ministers submitted to Sadi five questions, to which a reply was invited. (1) Is a demon or a man the better ? (2) How should I act if my enemy will not be reconciled to me ?

(3) Is one who performs the pilgrimage to Mecca better than one who has neglected that duty ? (4) Is a descendant of Ali[1] better than other people ? (5) Would the poet be pleased to accept a present of a turban and 500 dinars as subsistence money for his birds ? The messenger, the bearer of the letter, thought that he might with advantage be considered as one of the "birds," and accordingly put into his own pocket 150 dinars, leaving a balance of no more than 350 dinars. The reply of Sadi, which betokened that he had detected the theft, ran thus :

"Thou hast sent me an honoured present and money.
May thy wealth increase, and thine enemies be trodden under foot !
For each dinar may a year of life be thine,

[1] The son-in-law of the Prophet, and the first caliph according to the tenets of the Persians.

So that thou mayest continue to live
three hundred and fifty years."

On receipt of this poetic effusion the minister gave an order on the treasury for no less than 10,000 dinars; but the treasurer had in the meantime passed away, a circumstance which the poet brought to the notice of his patron. When the latter learnt what had occurred, he increased the donation to no less than 50,000 dinars, with a suggestion that some portion of the money should be devoted to the erection of a house at Shiraz for the accommodation of travellers. Four of the questions propounded appear to have remained unanswered.

Shaikh Sadi died at a very advanced age in Shiraz, A.D. 1291. His tomb, originally held in much esteem and decked with extracts from his own poems, has more

or less fallen into decay, though enough it is believed remains to mark the resting-place of one of Persia's most gifted poets and men of letters.

"Sadi," such is the description of him by a native annalist, "was short, and not very handsome. His head was extremely long, truly indicative of a grave and saintly aspect. His dress was eminently simple, consisting of a turban, a long blue gown worn over his undercoat, and a stick in his hand. The character of this venerable bard was highly noble and becoming a great person. He was extremely courteous and affable to his friends, and generous towards his enemies. In wit he surpassed every author of his age, and his humour was so successful that he could make the most silent and melancholy face laugh in his company. He was a boy among the circle of experienced youths, a sage among a society of

divines. In a word, he was an accomplished scholar, an excellent master of pure Persian eloquence, an unsullied instructor of divinity, and a consummate painter of life and manners."

The works by which Shaikh Sadi—"the nightingale of a thousand songs"—is best known are:

(*a*) The *Bustan*, an exquisite poem embodying moral precepts and rules of life;

(*b*) The *Gulistan*, possibly the most widely read book in Persian literature. Well indeed did Eastwick, when publishing a translation of this charming volume, write, "The school-boy lisps out his first lessons in it, the man of learning quotes it, and a vast number of the expressions have become proverbial. When we consider, indeed, the time in which it was written—the first half of the

thirteenth century—a time when gross darkness brooded over Europe, at least—darkness which might have been, but, alas! was not felt—the justness of many of its sentiments, and the glorious views of the Divine attributes contained in it, are truly remarkable."

(*c*) The *Pand Namah*, or *Scroll of Wisdom*,[1] a small volume of poetry embodying precepts which would do no discredit to the philosophy of this, the twentieth century of the Christian era. Concise and elegant, the work is most popular throughout the length and breadth of the Persian-speaking East. This may indeed well be the case, inasmuch as, in addition to beauty of diction, it is written in a metre which flows in easy cadence, and fixes the words

[1] It may, however, be explained that the earlier MSS. do not contain this work, which was first ascribed to Sadi about A.D. 1438.

of the poem on the mind. Hence the lines are committed to memory to an extent that is probably not surpassed by any work in the Persian language. Byron's lines known as the "Lover's Last Adieu" may be quoted as an example of rhythm identical with that of Sadi's *Scroll of Wisdom*. The two may with advantage be quoted side by side.

"The roses of love glad the garden of
life."
"Karima ba bakhsha ya bar hal
i-ma."

It only remains to add that no translation of *The Scroll of Wisdom* has been published in this country during the last hundred years (Gladwin's text—in itself somewhat imperfect—was issued with an appended translation in 1801), though in Bombay some twenty years ago an

Indian scholar rendered it into English. Both works are out of print, and for all practical purposes it may be said that a translation is not procurable by the British public. Perhaps, therefore, no apology is needed for the present work.

ARTHUR N. WOLLASTON.

GLEN HILL, WALMER,
May 6, 1906.

THE PAND NĀMAH

OR

SCROLL OF WISDOM

By SHAIKH MUSLIH-UD-DĪN
SA'DĪ SHĪRĀZĪ

پندنامهٔ

شیخ مصلح الدین

سعدی شیرازی

IN PRAISE OF MUHAMMAD

The Peace of God be upon him and his Posterity!

So long as the tongue is fixed in the mouth,
May the praise of Muhammad be a source of delight.
The beloved of God, the most exalted of Prophets,
Whose pillow is the glorious firmament.
The earth-conquering horseman with his chestnut Burāq,[1]
Which passed beyond the palace of the cerulean portico!

ADDRESS TO THE SOUL

Forty years of thy precious existence have expired;
Yet thy life hath not passed beyond childhood.

[1] The steed on which Muhammad visited Heaven.

در ثنائے پیغمبر صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم

زبان تا بود در دہان جائگیر — ثنائے محمّد بود دلپذیر

حبیبِ خدا اشرفِ انبیا — کہ عرشِ مجیدش بود مُتّکا

سوارِ جہانگیرِ یکران براق — کہ بگذشت از قصرِ نیلیُ رواق

خطابِ نفس

چہل سالِ عمرِ عزیزت گذشت — مزاجِ تو از حالِ طفلی نگشت

Freshen the heart of the world by generosity;
Fill the globe with the renown of thy generosity.
For ever be steadfast in generosity;
Since the Creator of the soul is beneficent.

DESCRIPTION OF BENEVOLENCE

The man of good parts maketh choice of benevolence;
For mankind becometh prosperous from benevolence.
Be conqueror of the world through kindness and benevolence;
Be a chief in the kingdom of kindness and generosity.
Benevolence is the attribute of men of piety,
Benevolence is the duty of the prosperous.
Benevolence is the touchstone of the alloy of sin,
Benevolence is the medicine for all ills.

دلِ عالمے از کرم تازه دار　　جهان از بخششِ خود پُر آوازه دار

همه وقت شو در کرم مستقیم　　که هست آفریننده جان کریم

درصفتِ سخاوت

سخاوت کند نیکبخت اختیار　　که مرد از سخاوت شود بختیار

بلطف و سخاوت جهانگیر باش　　در اقلیم لطف و سخا میر باش

سخاوت بود کار صاحبدلان　　سخاوت بود پیشه مقبلان

سخاوت مسِ عیب را کیمیاست　　سخاوت همه دردها را دواست

Though the miser be rich in possessions,
He would suffer distress, as if he were a poor man.
Benevolent persons enjoy the fruit of their wealth ;
The niggardly suffer grief from their gold and silver.

DESCRIPTION OF HUMILITY

O soul ! if thou makest choice of humility,
The people of the world will be thy friends.
Humility will augment thy station,
Just as the moon gets light from the sun.
Humility is the source of intimacy,
For exalted will be the dignity of friendship.
Humility exalteth a man,
Humility is a decoration to men of position.
Every one who is human is humble ;
Nought becometh a man save magnanimity.

بخیل ارچه باشد توانگر بمال   بخواری چو مفلس خورد گوشمال
سخیان ز اموال بر می خورند   بخیلان غم سیم و زر می خورند

در صفتِ تواضع

دلا گر تواضع کنی اختیار   شود خلقِ دنیا ترا دوستدار
تواضع زیادت کند جاه را   که از مهر پرتو بود ماه را
تواضع بود مایهٔ دوستی   که عالی بود پایهٔ دوستی
تواضع کند مرد را سرفراز   تواضع بود سروران را طراز
تواضع کند هر که هست آدمی   نزیبد ز مردم بجز مردمی

Humility on the part of the exalted is
commendable.
If a beggar be humble, it is his nature.

IN CONDEMNATION OF PRIDE

Beware, O son! that thou dost not become
proud,
Lest fortune thereby slip from thine hands.
Pride on the part of a wise man is not
comely;
Sad is such demeanour in the case of a
prudent person.
Pride is the habit of the ignorant,
Pride doth not proceed from men of intelligence.
Pride caused the fall of 'Azāzīl,[1]
And led to his being ensnared in the prison
of the accursed.
Whoever is by nature arrogant,
His head is filled with pride beyond imagination.

[1] Satan.

تواضع ز گردن فرازان نکوست   گدا گر تواضع کند خوی اوست

در مذمتِ تکبر

تکبر مکن زینهار اے پسر   که روزے ز دستش درآئی بسر

تکبر ز دانا بود ناپسند   غریب آید اینمعنی از هوشمند

تکبر بود عادتِ جاهلان   تکبر نیاید ز صاحبدلان

تکبر عزازیل را خوار کرد   بزندانِ لعنت گرفتار کرد

کسے را که خصلت تکبر بود   سرش پُر غرور از تصوّر بود

Pride is the source of adversity,
Pride is the nature of the evil-disposed.
Since thou knowest about pride, why dost thou pursue it ?
Thou doest wrong, again thou doest wrong.

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF LEARNING

Sons of Adam from learning will find perfection—
Not from dignity, and rank, and wealth, and property.
Like a taper one must melt in pursuit of learning,
Since without learning one cannot know God.
A man of wisdom is a student of learning,
For the market of wisdom is always brisk.
Whoever is fortunate as regards Eternity,
Maketh choice of the pursuit of knowledge.

تکبر بود مایهٔ مُدبری　　تکبر بُود اصلِ بدگوهری
چو دانی تکبر چرا میکنی　　خطا میکنی و خطا میکنی

در فضیلتِ علم

بنی آدم از علم یابد کمال　　نه از حشمت و جاه و مال و منال
چو شمع از پیِ علم باید گداخت　　که بی علم نتوان خدا را شناخت
خردمند باشد طلبگارِ علم　　که گرم ست پیوسته بازارِ علم
کسی را که شد در ازل بخت یار　　طلب کردن علم کرد اختیار

This pursuit of knowledge is a duty on thy part,
Even if it be necessary to traverse the earth.
Go, seize fast hold of the skirt of knowledge,
For learning will convey thee to everlasting abodes.
Seek nought but knowledge if thou art wise,
For it is neglectful to remain without wisdom.
From learning there will come to thee perfection as regards religion and the world,
For thine affairs will be settled by knowledge.

AS REGARDS AVOIDING THE SOCIETY OF THE IGNORANT

O soul! if thou art wise and intelligent,
Make not choice of the society of the ignorant.

طلب کردنِ علم شد بر تو فرض   دگر واجب است از پیش قطعِ ارض

برو دامنِ علم گیر استوار   که علمت رساند بدار القرار

میاموز جز علم گر عاقلی   که بی علم بودن بود غافلی

ترا علم در دین و دنیا تمام   که کارِ تو از علم گیرد نظام

در امتناع از صحبتِ جاهلان

دلا گر خردمندی و هوشیار   مکن صحبتِ جاهلان اختیار

Dart from the ignorant, as it were an arrow;
Mix not with them, as it were sugar and milk.
If thou hast a dragon for a friend in the cave,
It is better than to have an ignorant associate.
If the enemy of thy soul be intelligent,
It is better than an ignorant friend.
No one in the world is so despicable as the ignorant,
For nothing is more worthless than ignorance.
From the ignorant proceed nought but bad deeds,
And no one hath heard therefrom but base words,
The end of the ignorant will be the abode of the lost,
For the ignorant seldom end life well.

ز جاهل گریزنده چون تیر باش   نیامیخته چون شکر شیر باش

ترا اژدها گر بود یارِ غار   ازان به که جاهل بود غمگسار

اگر خصمِ جان تو عاقل بود   به از دوستدارے که جاهل بود

چو جاهل کسے در جهان خوار نیست   که نادان ترا ز جاهلی کار نیست

ز جاهل نیاید جز افعالِ بد   وزو نشنود کس جز اقوالِ بد

سرانجامِ جاهل جهنم بود   که جاهل نکو عاقبت کم بود

It is best that the ignorant should be
abased,
For it is fitting that the ignorant should
find disgrace.
It is well to shun the ignorant,
For from them will arise disgrace in this
world and the next.

DESCRIPTION OF JUSTICE

Since God hath given thee all things to thy
desire,
Why dost thou not eventually bring forth
the fruits of justice?
Since justice is the adornment of royalty,
Why dost thou not fix thine heart upon
justice?
Thy kingdom will be established
If justice cometh to thine aid.
Since Nūshīrwān[1] made choice of justice
His name is now held in remembrance for
his goodness.

[1] A king of Persia surnamed "the Just," who reigned from A.D. 531 to A.D. 579.

سر جاهلان بر سرِ دار به   که جاهل بخواری گرفتار به

ز جاهل حذر کردن اولی بود   کز و ننگِ دنیا و عقبی بود

در صفتِ عدل

چو ایزد ترا این همه کام داد   چرا بر نیاری سر انجام داد

چو عدل ست پیرایهٔ خسروی   چرا عدل را دل نداری قوی

ترا مملکت پایداری کند   اگر معدلت دستیاری کند

چو نوشیروان عدل کرد اختیار   کنون نامِ نیک ست ازو یادگار

Peace befalleth the kingdom from the effects of justice,
Since from justice the kingdom attaineth its wishes.
Make the world populous through justice;
Fill the hearts of mankind with delight through justice.
There is no better architect in the world than justice,
Since nought is more excellent than righteousness.
What will be the end thereof to thee?
Even this, that thou wilt have the name of a righteous monarch.
Dost thou wish a token of good fortune?
Close the door of oppression against mankind;
Withhold not thy favour from thy subjects;
Gratify the desires of those who seek justice.

زتاثیر عدل ست آرام ملک که از عدل حاصل شود کام ملک

جهانرا بانصاف آباد دار دل اهل انصافرا شاد دار

جهانرا به از عدل معمار نیست که بالاتر از معدلت کار نیست

ترا زین بآخر چه حاصل بود که نامت شهنشاه عادل بود

اگر خواهی از نیکبختی نشان در ظلم بندی بر اهل جهان

رعایت دریغ از رعیت مدار مراد دل دادخواهان برآر

IN CONDEMNATION OF OPPRESSION

The world witnesseth desolation owing to
failure of justice,
As it were a beautiful garden from the
autumn gale.
Do not give way to oppression in any case,
Lest the sun of monarchy suffer decline.
He who raiseth the fire of oppression in
the world
Occasioneth a sigh on the part of the people
of the land.
If a tyrant raiseth a sigh from the soul
The anguish createth a flame over land and
water.
Do not oppress poor helpless people,
Without further thought as to the narrow-
ness of the grave.
Be not disposed towards the market-place
of oppression ;
Be not neglectful of the smoke of men's
hearts.

درمذمتِ ظلم

خرابی ز بیداد بیند جہان   چو بستانِ خرّم ز بادِ خزان
مده رخصتِ ظلم در ہیچ حال   کہ خورشید ملکت نیابد زوال
کسے کاتشِ ظلم زد در جہان   برآورد از اہلِ عالم فغان
ستمکش گر آہے برآرد ز دل   زند سوزِ او شعلہ در آب و گل
مکن بر ضعیفانِ بیچاره زور   بیندیش آخر ز تنگیِ گور
بازارِ مظلوم مائل مباش   ز دودِ دلِ خلق غافل مباش

O man of haste! be not an oppressor of humanity,
For of a sudden the wrath of God will overtake thee.
Do not oppress the poor humble people,
For without doubt the tyrant passeth to perdition.

DESCRIPTION OF CONTENTMENT

O soul! if thou acquirest contentment,
Thou wilt exercise sway in the kingdom of repose.
If thou art pinched with the trials of poverty,
Then, in the estimation of the wise, wealth is nought.
The poor man is not disgraced by poverty,
For poverty was the Prophet's glory.

مکن مردم آزاری اے تندرائے کہ ناگہ رسد بر تو قہرِ خدائے

ستم بر ضعیفانِ مسکین مکن کہ ظالم بدوزخ رود بے سخن

در صفتِ قناعت

دلا گر قناعت بدست آوری در اقلیمِ راحت کنی سروری

اگر تنگدستی ز سختی منال کہ پیشِ خردمند ہیچست مال

ندارد خردمند از فقر عار کہ باشد نبی را ز فقر افتخار

Gold and silver are the glory of the rich,
But the poor have inward repose.
Be not distressed if thou art not wealthy,
Since a sovereign cannot extract taxes from the desolate.
In all circumstances contentment is preferable.
Whoever is born under a lucky star is happy.
Enlighten thy soul with the radiance of contentment,
If thou desirest any token of good fortune.

IN CONDEMNATION OF AVARICE

Beware! thou that art snared in the net of avarice,
Lest thou be mad and intoxicated with the cup of greed.
Waste not thy life in the acquisition of wealth,
Since an earthen pot is not of the same value as a pearl.

غنی را زر و سیم آرائش ست — ولیکن فقیر اندر آسائش ست
غنی گر نباشی مکن اضطراب — که سلطان نخواهد خراج از خراب
قناعت بهر حال اولی ترست — قناعت کند هر که نیک اخترست
ز نورِ قناعت برافروز جان — اگر خواهی از نیکبختی نشان

در مذمتِ حرص

ایا مبتلا گشته در دام حرص — شده مست و لاعقل از جام حرص
مکن عمر ضائع بہ تحصیلِ مال — که هم نرخِ گوهر نباشد سفال

Whosoever hath fallen into the snare of
greed
Giveth the harvest of his life to the
winds.
I grant that all the wealth of Qārūn[1] is
thine—
That all the riches of the habitable globe
are with thee—
But in the end thou wilt be enveloped in
the earth,
Like the helpless, with distress of heart.
Why dost thou vex thyself with the
anguish of gold?
Why dost thou bear the burden of distress,
as if thou wert an ass?
Why dost thou undergo anguish on account
of wealth?
For it will of a sudden be swept away.

[1] A man proverbial for his wealth and avarice.

هر آنکس که در بندِ حرص اوفتاد   دهد خرمنِ زندگانی بباد

گرفتم که اموالِ قارون تراست   همه نعمتِ رُبعِ مَسکون تراست

بخواهی شد آخر گرفتارِ خاک   چو بیچارگان با دلِ دردناک

چرا میگدازی ز سودای زر   چرا میکشی بارِ محنت چو خر

چرا میکشی محنت از بهرِ مال   که خواهد شدن ناگهان پایمال

It is not fit to turn aside one's head from servitude,
Since fortune is obtainable from obedience.
Happiness is procured from obedience;
The heart becometh illumined from the light of obedience.
If thou girdest thy loins with submission,
Thou wilt open the door of everlasting happiness.
The wise man doth not turn his head from obedience,
Since no excellence is more lofty than obedience.
Keep thine ablutions freshened with the waters of obedience,
So that to-morrow thou mayest be free as from fire.
Stablish thy prayers with sincerity,
So that thou mayest attain everlasting prosperity.

نشاید سر از بندگی تافتن　　که دولت بطاعت توان یافتن

سعادت ز طاعت میسّر شود　　دل از نورِ طاعت منوّر شود

اگر بندی از بهرِ طاعت میان　　کشاید درِ دولتِ جاودان

ز طاعت نه پیچد خردمند سر　　که بالای طاعت نباشد هنر

بآبِ عبادت وضو تازه دار　　که فردا ز آتش شوی رستگار

نماز از سرِ صدق برپای دار　　که حاصل کنی دولتِ پایدار

IN CONDEMNATION OF SATAN

O soul ! whoever is overpowered by Satan
Is night and day in the snare of sin.
Whoever hath Satan for his ruler,
How can he return to the way of God ?
O soul ! beware that thou dost not give way to sin,
That the Creator may have mercy on thee.
A wise man avoideth wrong,
As sugar melteth in water.
A man of good disposition doth not commit sin,
Lest he becometh as the light of the sun concealed by the clouds.
Do not give way to thy lusts,
Lest thou be suddenly snatched to perdition.
If thine heart doth not turn aside from sin,
Amongst the lowest of the low will be thine abode.

در مذمتِ شیطان

دلا هر که محکومِ شیطان بود　　شب و روز در بندِ عصیان بود
کسے را که شیطان بود پیشوا　　کجا باز گردد براهِ خدا
دلا عزمِ عصیان مکن زینهار　　که رحمت کند بر تو پروردگار
ز عصیان کند هوشمند احتراز　　که از آب باشد شکر را گداز
کند نیکبخت از گنه اجتناب　　که پنهان شود نورِ مهر از سحاب
مکن نفسِ اماره را پیروی　　که ناگه گرفتارِ دوزخ شوی
اگر بر نتابد ز عصیان دلت　　بود اسفل السافلین منزلت

Do not destroy the house of life
With the torrent of bad and improper actions.
If thou keepest away from sin and iniquity,
Thou wilt not be far from the garden of Paradise.

IN EXPLANATION OF THE WINE OF AFFECTION AND LOVE

O cupbearer! bring wine as it were a garment of fire,
For a man with a soul desires this (religious) intoxication.
The ruby wine in the golden goblet
Is soul-inspiring, as it were a beautiful pearl.
Welcome is the fire of desire to those inspired with love!
Welcome are the delightful pains of the lords of love!

مکن خانۂ زندگانی خراب　　به سیلابِ فعلِ بد و ناصواب

اگر دور باشی ز فسق و فجور　　نباشی ز گلزارِ فردوس دور

در بیان شرابِ محبت و عشق

بده ساقیا آبِ آتش لباس　　که مستی کند اہلِ دل التماس

مے لعل در ساغرِ زر نگار　　بود روح پرور چو لعلِ نگار

خوشا آتشِ شوقِ اربابِ عشق　　خوشا لذتِ دردِ اصحابِ عشق

Bring this wine as it were the water of
 immortality,[1]
For from its fragrance the soul findeth
 deliverance from grief!
Happy that soul which desires a Friend[2]!
Happy that person who is ensnared in the
 bonds of affection for Him!
Happy that soul which is enamoured of
 the face of the Friend!
Happy that soul whose abode is the Nook
 of the Friend!
A Friend as it were wine like soul-refreshing
 Pearl!
Wine—the purest—like a beautiful face!
Happy men of soul who adore wine!
Happy the flavour of wine to men of
 spirit!

[1] These stanzas must be construed in a figurative and religious sense.

[2] That is "God."

بیار آن شرابِ چو آبِ حیات   که یابد ز بویش دل از غم نجات

خوش آن دل که دارد تمنای دوست   خوش آنکس که در بند سودای اوست

خوش آن دل که شیدای ابروی دوست   خوش آن دل که شد منزلش کوی دوست

شرابِ چو لعلِ روان‌بخش یار   شرابِ مصفا چو روی نگار

خوشا مَی‌پرستی ز صاحبدلان   خوشا ذوق مستی ز دلدادگان

AS TO THE NATURE OF FIDELITY

O soul ! be firm-footed as regards fidelity,
For money hath no currency without its stamp.
If thou turnest not the rein from the path of fidelity,
Thou wilt be a friend in the hearts of thine enemies.
Turn not thy soul's face from the abode of fidelity,
That thou be not ashamed before the face of thy friends.
Place not thy foot outside the street of fidelity,
Since tyranny is not fitting in the case of friends.
It is wrong to separate thyself from beloved ones ;
It is contrary to fidelity to sever thyself from thy comrades.
Want of fidelity is the attribute of women.
Do not learn the unseemly conduct of that sex.

در صفتِ وفا

دلا در وفا باش ثابت قدم   که بی سکّه رائج نباشد درم
ز راه وفا گر نپیچی عنان   شوی دوست اندر دلِ دشمنان
مگردان ز کوی وفا روی دل   که در روی جانان نباشی خجل
منه پای بیرون ز کوی وفا   که از دوستان می نیرزد جفا
جدائی ز احباب کردن خطاست   بُریدن ز یاران خلافِ وفاست
بود بیوفائی سرشت زنان   میاموز کردارِ زشت زنان

If thou restrainest not thy tongue from
gratitude to God,
Thou wilt attain everlasting felicity.

IN EXPLANATION OF PATIENCE

If patience is thy helper,
Thou wilt attain everlasting happiness.
Patience is the attribute of prophets;
Those who practise religion turn not aside
from this direction.
Patience openeth the door of the desires
of the soul,
For save patience there is no key for
this.
Patience giveth thee the desire of thine
heart,
For at the hands of mankind thy difficulties
are solved.
Patience is the key of the door of thine
aspirations,
The enlarger of the kingdom of desire.

گر از شکرِ ایزد نہ بندی زبان   بدست آوری دولتِ جاودان

در بیانِ صبر

ترا گر صبوری بود دستیار   بدست آوری دولتِ پایدار
صبوری بود کارِ پیغمبران   نہ پیچند زین رو دین پروران
صبوری کشاید درِ کامِ جان   کہ جز صابری نیست مفتاحِ آن
صبوری بر آرد مرادِ دلت   کہ از عالمان حل شود مشکلت
صبوری کلیدِ درِ آرزوست   کشایندۂ کشورِ آرزوست

Patience is best in every case,
For in this sentence is much meaning.
Patience giveth thee thy desire,
It relieveth thee from pain and misfortune.
Exercise patience if thou art religious,
For haste is the attribute of devils.

DESCRIPTION OF RECTITUDE

O soul! if thou makest choice of rectitude,
Fortune will become to thee an auspicious companion.
A wise man doth not turn aside his head from rectitude,
Since from rectitude a man's name is exalted.
If thou breathest truth at morn,
Thou wilt avoid the darkness of ignorance.
Beware that thou breathest nought save rectitude,
Since the right hand holdeth pre-eminence over the left.

صبوری بهرحال اولیٰ بود   که درضمنِ آن چند معنے بود
صبوری ترا کامگاری دهد   زرنج و بلا رَستگاری دهد
صبوری کنی گر ترا دین بود   که تعجیل کارِ شیاطین بود

درصفتِ راستی

دلا راستی گر کنی اختیار   شود دولتت همدم و بختیار
نپیچد سر از راستی هوشمند   که از راستی نام گردد بلند
دم از راستی گر زنی صبحگاه   ز تاریکیِ جهل گیری کنار
مزن دم بجز راستی زینهار   که دارد فضیلت یمین بر یسار

Nought is better in the world than rectitude,
For in the rosebud of rectitude there is no thorn.

IN CONDEMNATION OF LYING

When a person followeth after unrighteousness,
Where will he find deliverance on the day of judgment?
Whosoever assumeth the habit of false speaking,
Hath no splendour for the lamp of his soul.
Falsehood putteth a man to shame,
Falsehood depriveth a man of dignity.
A wise man blusheth at a liar,
Since no one esteemeth such a person.
O brother! beware that thou speakest not falsely,
For a liar is despised, and without repute.
Nought is worse than unrighteousness;
O son! therefrom ariseth loss of fair name.

بہ از راستی در جہان کار نیست — کہ در گلبنِ راستی خار نیست

در مذمتِ کذب

کسی را کہ ناراستی گشت کار — کجا روزِ محشر شود رستگار
کسی را کہ گردد زبانِ دروغ — چراغِ دلش را نباشد فروغ
دروغ آدمی را کند شرمسار — دروغ آدمی را کند بی وقار
ز کذاب گیرد خردمند عار — کہ او را نیارد کسی در شمار
دروغ ای برادر مگو زینہار — کہ کاذب بود خوار و بی اعتبار
ز ناراستی نیست کاری بتر — کز و گم شود نامِ نیک ای پسر

ON THE WORKS OF THE MOST HIGH GOD

Regard this globe, resplendent like gold,
The roof of which is firm without pillars!
Regard the curtain of the revolving sphere!
Regard its glittering lamps[1]!
One is a shepherd, and another a sovereign;
One is a suppliant for justice, another covets a throne;
One is happy, and another miserable;
One is prosperous, and another unfortunate;
One is a payer of taxes, and another possesseth a throne;
One is exalted, and another debased;
One sitteth on a mat, and another upon a throne;
One is in rags, and another is clad in silk;
One hath no bread, and another revels in wealth;
One is disappointed, and another prosperous;

[1] The stars.

در صنعتِ حق تعالےٰ

نگه کن برین گنبدِ زرنگار — که سقفش بود بے ستون اُستوار
سراپردهٔ چرخِ گردنده بین — در وشمعهاے فروزنده بین
یکے پاسبان و یکے پادشاه — یکے دادخواه و یکے تاج خواه
یکے شادمان و یکے دردمند — یکے کامران و یکے مستمند
یکے باجدار و یکے تاجدار — یکے سرفراز و یکے خاکسار
یکے برحصیر و یکے بر سریر — یکے در پلاس و یکے در حریر
یکے بینوا و یکے مالدار — یکے نامراد و یکے کامگار

One is afflicted, and another rolleth in riches;
One hath a transient fate, and another is established throughout eternity;
One is full of health, and another is sickly;
One is full of years, and another is a mere stripling;
One is filled with righteousness, and another lives in sin;
One is given to prayer, and another is addicted to deceit;
One is upright and religious,
Another is immersed in an ocean of crime and wickedness;
One is of good disposition, and another is of hasty temper;
One is patient, and another is quarrelsome;
One is at ease, another in pain;
One is in difficulties, another is prosperous;
One is a chieftain in the world of luxury,
Another is a captive in the snares of adversity;

یکے در غنا و یکے در عنا — یکے را بقا و یکے را فنا
یکے تندرست و یکے ناتوان — یکے سالخورد و یکے نوجوان
یکے در صواب و یکے در خطا — یکے در دعا و یکے در دغا
یکے نیک کردار نیک اعتقاد — یکے غرق در بحرِ فسق و فساد
یکے نیک خلق و یکے تندخوے — یکے بُردبار و یکے جنگ جوے
یکے در تنعّم یکے در عذاب — یکے در مشقت یکے کامیاب
یکے در جهانِ جلالت امیر — یکے در کمندِ حوادث اسیر

One is established in the rose garden of comfort,
Another is associated with anguish, pain, and distress ;
One exceedeth all limits in the possession of wealth,
Another is in want of bread and means for his family ;
One is like a rose resplendent with joy,
Another is distressed at heart, and pained in soul ;
One girdeth his loins with obedience,
Another bringeth his life to an end in sin ;
One passeth day and night with the Holy Book in his hands,
Another sleepeth intoxicated in the corner of a wine shop ;
One is fixed firm as a peg at the door of religion,
Another is a sinner in the way of infidelity ;
One is prosperous, learned, and intelligent,
Another is unfortunate, ignorant, and abashed ;

یکے در گلستانِ راحت مقیم   یکے با غم و رنج و محنت ندیم
یکے را برون زاندازہ مال   یکے در غمِ نان و خرجِ عیال
یکے چون گل از خرمی خندہ زن   یکے را دل آزردہ خاطر حزن
یکے بستہ از بہرِ طاعت کمر   یکے در گنہ بردہ عمرے بسر
یکے را شب و روز مصحف بدست   یکے خفتہ در کنجِ میخانہ مست
یکے بر درِ شرع مسمار وار   یکے در رہِ کفر زنّار دار
یکے مقبل و عالم و ہوشیار   یکے مدبر و جاہل و شرمسار

One is a champion, agile, and a warrior,
Another is faint-hearted, indolent, and without courage;
One is a scribe, a man of enlightened mind,
Another is an inward thief, calling himself a scribe.

AGAINST PLACING HOPE IN CREATED BEINGS

For this therefore place no reliance upon fortune,
For it will suddenly deprive thy soul of life.
Put no reliance upon a numberless army,
For it may be that thou wilt not be aided by victory.
Put no reliance upon kingdom, position, and rank,
For they existed before thee, and will remain after thee.

یکی غازی و چابک و پهلوان　　یکی بزدل و سست و ترسنده جان
یکی کاتب اهلِ دیانت ضمیر　　یکی دزد باطن که نامش دبیر

در منع امید از مخلوقات

ازین پس مکن تکیه بر روزگار　　که ناگه ز جانت برآرد دمار
مکن تکیه بر لشکرِ بی عدد　　که شاید ز نصرت نیابی مدد
مکن تکیه بر ملک و جاه و حشم　　که پیش از تو بود و بعد از تو هم

Do not wrong because thou seest wrong on the part of a true friend;
Good fruit doth not grow from bad seed.
Put no reliance on majesty and power,
For suddenly, when the command arrives, thou must give up thy soul.
Many are the monarchs of exalted rank;
Many are the warriors who overrun kingdoms;
Many are the fierce warriors who scatter armies;
Many are the lion-like men who smite with the sword;
Many are the moon-faced beauties of graceful figure;
Many are the lovely ones with stature like the sun;
Many are the newly arisen heart-ensnarers;
Many are the freshly decked brides;
Many are the famous, and many are the fortunate;
Many are they like the cypress in stature, and many are the rosy-cheeked beauties;

مکن بد که بدبینی از یارِ نیک   نمی روید از تخمِ بد بارِ نیک

مکن تکیه بر ملک و فرماندهی   که ناگه چو فرمان رسد جان دهی

بسا پادشاهانِ سلطان نشان   بسا پهلوانانِ کشورستان

بسا تندگردانِ لشکرشکن   بسا شیرمردانِ شمشیرزن

بسا ماهرویانِ شمشادقد   بسا نازنینانِ خورشیدخد

بسا دلربایانِ نوخاسته   بسا نوعروسانِ آراسته

بسا نامدار و بسا کامگار   بسا سروقدّ و بسا گلعذار

Who have rent the garment of life,
Who have drawn the head within the wall
of the grave.
With such the harvest of their life hath been
scattered to the winds,
So that never hath any one a trace of
them.
Set not thine heart upon this soul
captiviting abode,
For thou wilt not find therein the soul of
delight.
Link not thy soul with this earth, with its
atmosphere of joy,
For misfortune may rain upon it from
Heaven.

که کردند پیراهنِ عمر چاک   کشیدند سر در گریبانِ خاک

چنان خرمنِ عمرشان شد بباد   که هرگز کسے زان نشانے نداد

مَنه دل برین منزلِ جانستان   که در وے نبینی دلِ شادمان

مَنه دل برین کاخ خرّم هوا   که می بارد از آسمانش بلا

The world hath no permanence, O my son!
Pass not thy life therein in negligence.
Fix not thy heart upon this perishable abode.
From Sa'dī remember this one piece of advice.

ثباتے ندارد جہان اے پسر   بغفلت مبر عمر در وے بسر

مَنِہ دل برین دَیرِ ناپائدار

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